

*George J Hill*

Volume 1

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THE PENNELL  
WHIRLPOOL



Pennell Institute  
GRAY, MAINE

Box 80  
Cincinnati, Ohio

## Dedication

Pennell Institute dedicates this issue of the  
paper to her sons in the service  
of our country.

## THE WHIRLPOOL



### School Song

Oh, Pennell! Dear old Pennell! To us you are so dear!  
And what we are hereafter we owe our schooldays here.  
Let days seem bright or dreary, let things go right or wrong,  
We'll sing with cheerful hearts the words of this old song:

#### REFRAIN

We have come here day by day as the hours pass away;  
Every year brings us nearer  
To the time when we shall part, care and sadness in our hearts,  
But we'll think of the days spent here.

Midst schools of all the nation ours has done its part  
Both for its men in service and loyalty in heart.  
And when our national banner unfurls among the trees,  
We're proud of the flag of service that floats in the light breeze.

KARL E. LIBBY, '20.

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# THE WHIRLPOOL

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It has been years since Pennell Institute boasted a school paper. With this issue, the first of THE PENNELL WHIRLPOOL, we wish to interest the scholars, the parents, and especially the alumni to such an extent that they will all co-operate to have one published every year.

It has been planned by the present editorial board, which consists mostly of Juniors, to pass the honor as well as the work of managing the school paper to the class below us as soon as they have become Juniors, leaving the management of the paper always in the hands of that class. Perhaps you wonder why the Seniors do not manage the paper; if you will stop to think, you will easily see that at the time when the paper needs the most attention, they are working earnestly to complete their class parts. Since the Seniors are counted out, and the Juniors hold second place in the ranks of the classes, the task naturally falls to them. Each class, however, is represented by a class editor.

The financing of the paper is not a very easy task. Anyone who has had much to do with printing at the present prices will realize how nearly impossible it would be to make a paper pay for itself in a small school like ours; but thanks to our advertisers, our good-will subscribers, and the people who patronized our minstrel show, the circulation will not have to pay the costs of the paper.

The success of the paper, however, does not depend entirely on the financial success, but upon the way it is received by the alumni and parents. It was undertaken in order that there might be a more friendly feeling, a better understanding, between the alumni and students, that people interested in school affairs might have some way of seeing what is being accomplished by the different classes. Not enough parents and friends visit the school; and we hope that this paper may arouse some who are lacking interest in school affairs to wake up to the fact that upon the school rests the future of the town. The work of making people realize should be largely done by the alumni, who may support and improve the school, which should be dear to them.

Owing to the swiftness with which the selectmen of the town are proceeding with manual training, this paper may be inappropriate when it comes from the printers, barring this, however: our subscribers may be interested to know the solution of housing manual training as it has been figured out by the students of Pennell Institute.

At the present day there are plain indications that manual training will soon be as essential in a school course as English or Algebra. Pennell ranks as a Class A high school; and to keep this place she must adopt new courses as they become necessary. This means that manual training must come sooner or later. There are also some advantages besides courses of study that Pennell needs in order to keep her place; one of these is a gymnasium. What naturally suggests itself to you? Is it not to have them both in the same building? Is that not the best way?

If a small building were erected for manual training, it would soon be of insufficient size; for the course, as it became more advanced, would soon require more machinery, which would require greater floor space. Furthermore, a gymnasium would some time mean another small building, and the expense of both would probably be more than sufficient to have erected one large one, which would have given better satisfaction as a manual training room and a gymnasium, and which would look much better on the campus than two small ones. The high school was a gift to the town. Can not the town well afford to erect a building that shall add to the appearance of Pennell Institute grounds rather than detract from it?

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It is unfortunately necessary for the out-of-town pupils that come on the car to wait for an hour after school. We do not mind it so much on pleasant days, but on rainy days we cannot walk around the town, and everyone knows that the power station is not a pleasant place to spend an hour in. Then when we have an entertainment at school, and some wish to remain until eight o'clock, on account of having no place to wait, they have to wander around from four until eight. Wandering around gets tiresome after a time. Why would it not be possible for us to have a leader and form a club, where we could arrange amusements for our hour of waiting? On fair days we might plan some short walk or something of the sort. Perhaps we might hire a room in some house near the school-building. If the teachers approve of this plan, why can it not be put into execution next year?

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All students in any high school are expected as far as possible to produce literary work suitable for publication. The students of Pennell Institute, even with no school paper, have always been encouraged to write with this prospect in view. The work submitted in THE PENNELL WHIRL-

pool of 1919, chosen in respect to its literary value, has been taken from the regular work of the classes, and was not written especially for the paper. These papers consist of many styles; description, narrative, exposition, abstracts, and poetry. No papers of argumentation are included, not because we have had no debates, but, instead, because the students debate from notes, and use no papers for this purpose. We wish to thank the students for their support in submitting their work for this issue, and it is hoped and expected that in the future the interest may increase and that the school paper will act as a stimulus for the students to produce better literature each year.





## The Workman Is Made By Working

The pearls were numerous but they were small. The pearl diver sat down wearily on the sand to dry himself after a dive. He looked at his basket, overflowing with pearl oysters and wondered: "Might there be a pearl among them larger and more beautiful than I have yet found? I have had many little pearls to exchange with the tradesmen this year. My little ones have had plenty of meat and the wife more necklaces and bracelets than any other woman of the tribe. But if I could find a large pearl, a precious pearl, fit to put in Buddha's throne in the temple! I would set it in the trumpet of the herald on the highest arch of the throne, and there it would blaze with matchless fire, a token of my loyalty to Buddha."

Every day did this passionate longing to find a matchless pearl burn in the pearl diver's mind. He no longer went with his companions on hunting expeditions into the great forests. The sea had no more charms for him save as a place in which to find the pearl. When he had located a bed of pearl oysters, how untiringly he would work, diving and filling his basket! When they had cured, how carefully he would wash out the pearls, looking eagerly for a pearl fit for Buddha's throne! But always—disappointment!

One morning there was a great commotion in the little village. The king had sent a messenger to summon his followers for an expedition against the rich lands of a neighboring king. Quickly a band was collected. The pearl diver was asked to accompany it. He thought of exciting adventures with wild animals in crossing the dangerous passes in the mountains, of fighting and conquering the enemy, of the triumphal return with the spoils, and all but forgot the pearl. He almost consented to go. Then before him in a mist arose the vague outlines of a lofty throne, imposing, grand, gleaming with jewels. But at the top of the throne the herald's trumpet was blank. No radiant jewel was there. And on the herald's face was a look of reproach. Then the vision vanished; the old desire returned. The pearl diver refused to go and returned to his work.

He found more pearls than ever before. The beds were many and large. He worked long, faithfully, but his hopes were not realized.



The pearls were all of ordinary size. Still he worked on, thinking, dreaming that the next day, the next day he would find the pearl. He grew old. The waves seemed colder, colder. The little breeze that had blown softly round the rocks where he cured his oysters seemed rougher, rougher. He no longer worked all day, but often sat on the shore in the shelter of a rock and watched the sea-birds, skimming over the water in the distance grow fainter and fainter as his sight dimmed. He had become wealthy. His blameless life had gained for him the love and respect of his tribe. But to him his life seemed worthless because he had not found the pearl. His search was almost ended. But he would not give up the aim of his whole life without one more attempt. He went down to the water for his last dive and came up with a few pearl oysters in the bottom of his basket. He was too tired to go farther and sat down on a rock to rest. Tightly clasping his basket in his hands, he fell asleep. In his dream a voice came to him, saying, "Be at peace. Thou hast the pearl for which thou hast sought."

But the pearl diver asked sorrowfully, "What if I can not get it out? I have toiled many years and am feeble. It is too late. Now I can offer Buddha no gift."

Suddenly there glowed around him a soft effulgence, a subdued radiance, which mysteriously he knew to be glowing from his pearl. His pearl! What a wondrous pearl it must be thus to fill the air with its varied rays! Then out of the mist came the voice, saying gently, "The radiance cometh not from one of those pearls in the basket, but from one far more precious and beautiful than they. The white ray is thy pure, innocent life; the azure light, thy faithfulness; the rose-colored glow, love for thy wife and children; and the green ray, the immortality of thy soul. The pearl is thy life-long work, thy work, which alone is a fitting gift to Buddha."

HAZEL WOODBURY, '12.

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## How the Deputy Traced the Murderer

The play was held in an old-fashioned district school-house. It was given by the pupils of Miss Hayes's school. Directly after the play the spectators started home. The school-house was nearly empty when Tom Raywood came for Miss Hayes. In a little while the lights were all cut and the room was still. One could still hear in the distance the jingle of the sleigh bells. Then there was a loud *crash*. There in the darkness lay the prostrate form of Steve Cronk. Once in a while there was a hollow groan. Finally he rose and half walked and half crawled over to the teacher's desk. He groped about and found, lying on the desk, a small bit of cloth. With this he wiped the blood from his face and then opened a win-

dow and dropped out. He walked a way and then rested, until he was taken in by Junk Brown, who happened along. Junk was a thief and he was just returning from one of his moonlight rides.

The next day there was a rumor that the teacher had disappeared and there was a bloody handkerchief on the schoolroom floor. The village deputy was informed and he set out to trace the murderer. Soon there was a crowd at the school-house and everybody was listening to the deputy and some were trying to get a word in edgewise.

"I know," said the deputy, "that this is blood from the brain 'cause I larned that much when I went to the deestriet school years ago. Now this 'ere blood is brain blood and this is a lady's hankychief with a 'H' 'broidered in one corner. 'H' stands fer Hayes as sure as I stand here on my two feet."

"But, Mister Crane," spoke up Junk Brown, "I———"

"Tut, tut, we doan want none o' your hash; eny man wid an addicashun can see all I've been a tellin' ye. Now you, Bill an' Joe an' Mike, you all trace them sleigh tracks down by Pig medder, and Ezry an' Neb an' Jim an' ..... yes, you Junk might's well come along."

"But," said Junk, "I can....."

"Never mind! You all do what I tells ye to. What am I deputy of this hull shebang for, anyhow?"

"But," said Shifty, "He might..... I mean he can....."

"Pereeed, all hands o' ye," shouted Crane.

They walked through woods, over bridges, and after a great many twists and turns they came to a small lake with one of its shores lined with many cottages. The sleigh tracks led to the largest of these and to this one they went. They did not stop to knock but simply walked in. They were no socner inside the cottage than the deputy saw standing before him the school teacher. He stared at her until she said, "Whom do you want, Mr. Crane?"

"Why," said Crane, "why..... er..... why, I—weel, you see, didn't nobody known where yer wuz hangin' out an'..... an' as there wuz some blood down to the school-house an' a hankychief with a 'H' in the corner an' a lot a blood onto it, an' some bloody tracks, an' so we..... er.... I calkerlated as sombody must er..... wal..... er took your life."

"Oh no," said Miss Hayes, "only dear Tom came for me and took me out here. Mr. Crane, this is Mr. Raywood, the man I'm engaged to marry."

"Pleased to ter meet cher, Mister," said Crane, "weel, we must be goin'. C'mon, b'ys."

They took the same road by which they had come, and in two hours came to the outskirts of the town.

"Now," said Junk, "I guess I'd a better tell yer now what cher wouldn't lemme tell yer before. That blood came from a cut that Steve Cronk gut

when he fell down the schoolhouse stairs last night. Yer see he's in love wid Clarice Hayes an he wuz a waitin' roun' ter pilot 'er home when he saw that air feller we seen back thar come up an march off wid her. He went up stair so't she wouldn't see 'im and when 'e gut ready ter come down, he fell down. I wuz just out exercisin' my nag when I see's 'im an' tuk 'im in an' tuk 'im 'ome."

"Wal," said Crane, "that simplifies things; why didn't ya tell me before?"

CECILE LEAVITT, '21.

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## The Wreck of the "North Star"

It was Friday night and the storm had been raging for two days. The "North Star" was due to pass the light that evening, and the light-keeper was occupying himself by reading until he should hear the whistle that would tell him that all was well on board the ship.

As midnight approached, however, the book gradually slipped from his hands and his thoughts drifted back to the winter before, when his wife and child had been with him. How much different the long evenings had seemed then! Instead of dreading them as he did now, he had looked forward to them as he would have to a feast. But the spring before, his wife and child had gone with his wife's brother on a trip to Brazil and the ship "Sea Gull," on which they had sailed, had never been heard from since it had left port.

The keeper was suddenly aroused from these melancholy thoughts, however, by the shrill blast of a whistle. It was the "North Star." He knew the whistle as one knows a voice. But why did it sound so near? He got up and went to the window, and at each revolution of the light he could see the great ship plowing her way through the waves. He stood at the window, watching her pass, when suddenly he noticed that with each wave the ship drifted nearer the rocks, and it came across him that she had lost her rudder. He rushed out of the house and down to the shore without stopping for his oilskins and was just in time to see the bow of the ship run on to a ledge and stop so short that the masts were broken and thrown forward by the force of the shock.

As he stumbled over the rocks to the ship, he could see two of the crew, who had not been killed by the wreckage, adjusting their life-belts and jumping into the water. When he reached the ship, however, he found only one of the crew alive; the others were lying on the rocks where they had been hurled, and did not move except when some wave larger than the others rolled them farther inshore. He turned his attention to the survivor, who was badly bruised and partially dazed, and who was shouting something

about a woman and child who had been forgotten by the crew in their mad rush to get away from the ship. He asked the man where they were and was informed that they were in the captain's state-room, which was under the bridge. The keeper started for the ship, whose bow was by this time well up on the rocks, and whose stern was under water most of the time. It would be an easy matter to climb up her side, which was hung with wreckage. But would he ever come down again? There was not an even chance that the ship would last two minutes more. He realized all the dangers of boarding the wreck and still he hesitated only an instant. Only an instant, but in that instant the battle in his mind was fought to a finish—the battle on which depended the fate of the woman and child in the captain's state-room, and in another instant he was upon the deck of the ship. The planks under his feet trembled every time a wave struck the wreck, as he made his way to the room which contained the object of his mission. He reached the door, which he easily opened, and stepped inside. The sobs which came from one of the corners told him that the woman and child were crouched there, waiting death.

He wasted no words, but took in his arms the first one he touched, which happened to be the child, and made his way back to the bow, where he tied a rope around the child's body and lowered her to the rocks. The creaking of the planks was one continuous screech when he started towards the cabin to get the woman, and it seemed that the ship must go to pieces before many more waves struck her. But by some miracle she held together until he, with the help of the sailor whom he had found on the shore, got the woman safely ashore. He himself was halfway down the side of the ship when he felt the ship begin to slide backwards. He let go of the network of ropes to which he was clinging, and jumped.

The next thing that the light keeper was conscious of was a loud buzzing in his ears and the sound of voices which seemed to come from very far away. The buzzing gradually ceased and the voices gradually grew louder and he realized that he was in bed and that his leg was in splints and was paining him severely. Then it all came to him—the wreck, the rescue, and his jump from the ship. But where were the woman, the child, and the sailor? He opened his eyes. Yes, he was in his own house and the voices came from the other room. But someone was coming toward the door. The door opened and a woman came in. The keeper could hardly believe his eyes. The woman was his wife.

MERTON SWEETSER, '20.

## An Epitaph

Here lies Karl E. Libby, always classed with the best  
From the time he was born until he went West.  
A natural musician, a flirt at his will,  
Neither Muses nor Cupid dared question his skill.  
To be sure, he had habits; but these overlook,  
And turn to a more advanced page in the book  
Of his life when he rose at his cards above Hoyle  
And in physics so far above immortal Boyle  
That the laws of Gay-Lussac, Archimedes, Hertz  
Were thrown in the ash-pile to make room for his.  
But now, without doubt, he is doing his best  
To give the worn harps of the angels a rest,  
As he sits on a cloud with his golden trombone  
And plays them his favorite, the waltz, "Home, Sweet Home."

MERTON SWEETSER, '20.

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## Safety First

In the river near West Falmouth is a deep hole, large, but not large enough to be called a pond. This hole is between steep banks, which are covered with alders and raspberries all matted together. Into the middle of the swimming-hole extends what is left of an old tree, the bank having caved in, carrying the tree with it. Before you get to the hole, the water is only about a foot deep; but at its brink the river bottom drops off suddenly to water sixteen feet deep.

One summer day four boys were diverting themselves at this hole. One was splashing around in the shallow water, not being able to swim. The other boys, before plunging into the hole, told him of the abruptness with which the river drops off and cautioned him not to get near the treacherous shelf. While the boys were swimming around, splashing and ducking each other, a shout was heard. Looking toward the place from which the shout had come, they saw the boy go out of sight in the deep water. As he came up, he was seized by the oldest boy, but on account of the victim's struggles the rescuer had to let go. By this time one of the other boys had arrived, and, seeing what had happened, dived and brought the drowning boy to the surface, then struggled to the old log and clung to it until the others came and carried him ashore. Arriving at the bank, they pumped the water out of his lungs until he opened his eyes and whispered to them to stop. The boys then helped him dress and got him home.

The next day he was unable to go out. He said that he didn't think he should want a drink for a month. His parents, when told of it, forbade him to go near there again, but that did not grieve him much at the time. The other boys will never visit the hole again without thinking of the tragedy which came near happening.

KENNETH HUSTON, '19.

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## A Group of Translations

LA FEUILLE

Where, oh poor dried-up leaf, are you going?  
 Now blown from the tree, you protector?  
 Why not speak and discover your secret?  
 What becomes of a leaf that is withered?  
 "Since the day of the thunder and lightning  
 When a bolt took the life from my mother,  
 The oak who had fed me and loved me,  
 The oak who had given me my beauty,  
 By the inconstant breath of the zephyr  
 I have drifted from mountain to valley,  
 I wander from forest to prairie.  
 Never complaining or fearing,  
 A chip on an ocean of tempests,  
 At the will of the winds I am tossing.  
 I go with the leaves of the roses  
 And the leaves of the laurel.  
 I know not where I am going."

ARNAULT.

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## Lyrics from Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme

Since I have come under the spell of your eyes  
 I pine night and day and extreme is my pain.  
 Oh, how sternly you must with your enemies deal  
 If you treat, pretty Iris, your friends with disdain!

I used to think my Jennie  
 As kind as she was sweet;  
 I used to think my Jennie

As gentle as a sheep.  
Alas! Alas! I find her  
Instead of kind and good,  
As cruel as the tiger  
That ranges through the wood.

Let us drink, dear friends, of this sweet wine;  
For we are tempted by fleeting time.  
Let us take from life all that we can;  
For when Death's shadow claims a man,  
He has to part with his lovers fine  
And bid adieu to much-loved wine.  
Hasten thy merriment! Drink to me!  
For thou canst not drink through eternity.

Leave only to fools the argument  
Concerning the joys to mortals sent.  
By our philosophy we are sure  
Our joys are in wine and in maids demure.  
Knowledge, glory, and treasures of gold  
Cannot remove one's cares untold.  
'Tis only by drinking to excess  
That we find the road to happiness.

Come on! Come on! Let the waiters pour!  
Pour, my boys, till we say, "No more!"

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## The Snob

It was a beautiful September day that Angelia Sprague first set foot in the high school building. She was seventeen years old and rather small for her age. She was the only daughter of the wealthy railroad magnate, John R. Sprague, and as her mother was near a nervous breakdown, she had come to her own home in this town. She did not wish to be parted from her daughter, so she brought her so that she could attend the high school and be near her. On her arrival at school the Professor of mathematics took her from room to room, introducing her to the sub-master and two other teachers to whom she would recite. After the introductions she came to Louise Lawlor's seat and criticised them severely.

"Don't you think Miss Thurston dreadfully severe looking?" she said. "I just know I'll not be able to stand her."

"We all think she is wonderful," returned Louise, "and I don't believe anyone else in school dislikes her."

## THE WHIRLPOOL

going to," replied Angelia. "But I think Miss South-  
l, and oh! what wonderful clothes! Don't you think more  
her . ss Thurston?" resumed Angelia.

"No, ' continued Louise, "for she thinks a great deal more of  
dr than o. xplaining our lessons." This was very true, but as it was  
hai to secure teachers they dared not dismiss her. Just then the bell  
rang and the girls suspended conversation and went to their seats.

Everything seemed to be going very well until the drama, which the  
class gave every year, was being discussed. Miss Thurston was the coach  
and she chose th who were best suited to the parts. Among those chosen  
was Angelia; use she was not assigned the leading role, she flatly  
refused the p. : Thurston thought the matter over and told her  
that her refusal w ecepted. Angelia had hardly expected this and it  
angered her greatly. That night after school she picked a quarrel with  
the coach, hoping to anger her into giving up the leading role to her; but  
Miss Thurston had no thought of doing such a thing.

Days passed into weeks and Angelia was unusually quiet, but she wore  
a triumphant look. The night of the drama came, and Dorothy Hussey,  
who had the leading role, was hunting for her costumes when poor, tired  
Miss Thurston appeared. Dorothy explained just where she had placed  
them, but they could not be found anywhere. It was very near time to  
begin and so they borrowed the evening dress and Spanish costume from  
a near neighbor. Dorothy felt very down-hearted, for she realized that  
her own costumes were much prettier than the borrowed ones. Then coming  
from the entrance Miss Thurston said, in the presence of Angelia and others,  
"If you do as well to-night as you did at the last rehearsal, Dorothy, no  
one will notice your clothes. It is the acting that counts, not clothes."  
This pleased Dorothy and she determined to do her very best. The play  
was a complete success, and at the finish Dorothy was presented with three  
beautiful bouquets. Angelia received one and was very dismayed at not  
receiving more.

While Dorothy was in the dressing room, she heard a creaky noise and  
going to see what it was, she observed Angelia depositing a bundle beneath  
a suit case; then she saw her quietly slip back to her dressing room. Dor-  
othy could not keep this incident out of her mind, and later, in the presence  
of Angelia, she stooped and picked up the bundle from beneath the suitcase.  
Angelia watched every movement, and when she saw Dorothy stoop for  
the bundle, she knew that she had seen her put it there. Angelia made a  
movement to go, and Dorothy detained her to ask, "Do you know to whom  
this bundle belongs, Angelia?" And she replied, "Of course not." Just  
then Miss Thurston appeared and Angelia knew she was caught.

Instead of punishing her, Miss Thurston decided to leave Angelia to  
her own conscience, so she spoke to Dorothy and passed by. The next



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Monday morning Angelia came back to school thinking she had been blown over, but when she saw the attitude of the whole school she knew it hadn't. For a time she remained cold and by day she began to realize how little clothes count in a person's character; so one morning at chapel she got up before the assembly and said, "It was I that hid Dorothy's costumes, just on account of my jealousy, but I am very sorry and hope that in the future I may prove myself a loyal member of this school." Dorothy arose and said, "For my part, she is gladly forgiven."

LAURA SNOW, '20.

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## Autumn

A warrior from the North he comes  
In all his warlike glory.  
His battle song the west wind hums,  
Death is his only story.  
He leaves his mark upon the trees;  
He leaves it in the garden;  
He kills the flowers; he stills the bees;  
He makes the earth to harden.  
His bugle sounds in every vale  
As in his annual battle  
He uses wind and rain and hail  
To drive to shelter cattle.  
And when the yearly fight is fought  
And spoils are stored away,  
He leaves the weapons he has brought  
And flees away to stay  
Until another year is past  
And Nature, his ally,  
Shall order once again his blast,  
Which makes the green things die.

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## The Lion

While in New Jersey last vacation, I visited the New York zoölogical garden, which contains the greatest assortment of animals in the world. Among these was the lion. The moment I saw that great king of all animals I was awed with his majesty. As he walked around his large cage, his head

up, his great mane swinging from side to side with the motion of his head, those great paws making a soft pat, pat on the floor, I thought of him in the far-off jungle of Africa. There with his great strength and swiftness he silently stalked his game. There was not an animal which did not fear that roaring challenge to combat. When his food was brought to him—the leg of an ox—he seized it in his great mouth and dragged it to the back of his cage, holding his heavy paw on it. I thought what a watch-dog he would make, stretched out on my lawn. There would be no thieving dogs or tramps around to bother. I regretted to leave this king and go on to visit the elephants.

HUSTON, '19.

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### Returning Good for Evil

On a beautiful summer afternoon in September, the doors of a large dormitory opened and out trooped about thirty girls, from sixteen to twenty years of age. When they saw a lumbering stage-coach appear around the bend of the lake road, they ran down the maple-shaded driveway to the iron gate. When the coach drew nearer, a face, framed with curly brown hair, could be seen eagerly watching from the open window. At last the vehicle stopped and a girl stepped out.

The crowd at the gate surrounded her; a great commotion followed, which lasted until another girl came down the walk. If anyone had not known the difference, one would have thought she was a twin sister to the girl who had just arrived.

"Oh Helen," called one of the girls, "come meet our friend, Arlene Thorpe." The proper introductions followed. Helen Walton's face was smiling as she met the girl who resembled her so much, who even surpassed her in beauty. But if it had been possible to read her heart, one would have seen a flash of jealousy that was almost hatred.

The first month of school passed happily for Arlene. Her only cloud was that every time she tried to get acquainted with Helen, she was met with cold and distant replies.

As time passed on Helen became more and more jealous of Arlene and she determined to destroy Arlene's reputation if it was possible. But she was only spoiling her own. Each time she attempted to harm Arlene, she was very much surprised; for instead of passing her by, Arlene returned good for evil, by trying to be friends with her. As for Arlene's friends, they remained staunch and true through all.

It was now winter and the usual winter sports were being enjoyed. The lake was now frozen over, so plans were made for a skating party.

The next Saturday afternoon they went to the lake. The ice proved to be very satisfactory and for an hour they glided merrily over the lake. Then suddenly the ice cracked and a cry for help was heard. Arlene turned quickly and saw directly behind her, Helen's head bobbing up and down in the water and Helen's hands frantically trying to grasp the edge of the ice. Quickly Arlene directed the girls to form a chain and drag her along while she held Helen. Thus they drew Helen from the icy depths and from what might have been death.

The next day Helen was confined to her room by a severe cold. "Helen wants you to come to her room," called a girl to Arlene as they passed on the stairs. This unexpected summons surprised her greatly, but she ran up the stairs to Helen's room. When the girl on the couch saw Arlene's bright smile, she burst into tears.

"Oh, why have I treated you so?" she sobbed.

"Never mind that now," replied Arlene, who was sitting beside her on the couch; "I have learned to love you and I knew that you and I would be good friends. I am more than sure now that we shall not only be good friends, but chums. I have always wanted a chum like you."

"And I—I think I have loved you for a long time although I thought I hated you. I'm glad I did break through the ice yesterday, for it woke me up. 'Twas just my jealousy that made me act the way I did towards you. But I want to be friends now, and if you still do, why I promise—I think—" But the now thoroughly joyful Arlene ended her sentence, "that we'll be good now. Well, if that's the case, I guess we're both of the same mind."

EMILY FIELD, '20.

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## A Dream

As I sat in my chair by the firelight  
And thought of the Muses nine,  
I fell into sleep supernal  
With my hand on their pictures divine.

I heard in the stillness around me  
The fall of their dainty feet,  
As they danced in time to the music  
Of a strain I can never repeat.

And lo! as the music grew nearer,  
I knew I was going to see  
These maidens of song and of story,  
For they were coming towards me.

## THE WHIRLPOOL

The first I beheld was Erato,  
That maiden of love-poetry;  
And close behind her was Urania,  
Who held books of astronomy.

Soon Melpomene and Thalia  
Came hand in hand after these,  
And later came Euterpe singing—  
The harshest her music would please.

Calliope and then Terpsichore  
Were following close behind;  
With Clio alone, dancing after,  
Whose knowledge we never could bind.

At this point the strain seemed to alter  
And grow softer and statelier, too,  
As grave Polyhymnia entered  
And came closer up into view.

As if thereupon to delight me  
They circled about my chair,  
With their slow and stately music  
They seemed to hold me there.

They faded soon from my senses  
As the music grew softer, it seemed;  
And I wakened to gaze in the firelight  
And to find that I only had dreamed.

FRANCES L. CUSHING, '20.

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## The Quest of Happiness

It was a bright, warm summer day. The sky was never bluer; the grass was never greener. The air was sweet with the fragrance of blossoms.

Youth turned for one last look on the home he loved so well. Tears were in his eyes as he gazed back into the little valley. In spite of the tears his face wore a look of determination. His most earnest desire had always been to find Happiness. He was now starting out into the world to seek her.

As he went along the highway, he looked with eager eyes, at every turn expecting to find her waiting for him. But no Happiness did he see.

On and on he went. At last he saw a figure approaching him. It was Temptation. She was in disguise, arrayed in a beautiful robe brocaded with glittering gold. As the way had been lonely he was glad to see anyone and greeted Temptation. Her voice sounded sweet to him, but there was a look about her face that he could not understand. Try as hard as he would, he could not look her in the eye. She asked where he was going and he said, "I am searching for Happiness. Can you tell me where I may find her?"

Temptation appeared to be interested.

"Yes, come with me," she replied. "I live alone in a beautiful palace and am very lonely. If you will come and be my companion I will give you all the gold you want. You know everything, even Happiness, can be procured with gold."

Youth was persuaded to accept the offer.

Temptation's palace was indeed beautiful. How rich it was! Gold everywhere! Youth was enraptured, but he did not forget to look for Happiness. He longed for her more and more every day, but, carry what gold he might, there was no market at which he might purchase Happiness.

At last, disillusioned, he slipped away from the beautiful palace. He had gone only a little way when he saw a figure robed in dusky gray coming toward him. This was Idleness. His garments were wrapped carelessly about him and his eyes were heavy with sleep.

When Idleness learned Youth's plans he said, "Go no farther, my boy, but stay with me and meet some of my friends. You will find Happiness just as quickly as if you went in search of her." Idleness brought his two closest friends, Falsehood and Deception, to Youth. They saw at once that Youth was one to be easily influenced, and set to work with their winning ways.

"The best way to obtain one's desire is the first and quickest way," Youth thought, and some of their tricks he tried. But in the quiet hours of the night his mind revolted from them. Then he met Luck. Youth did not think him a pleasant sight to look upon, as his suit was made entirely of patches of many bright colors put together as if by accident. However, Youth decided to approach him, as he had always heard of Luck as being helpful. Feeling quite sure that he had at last found a true friend, he poured out his troubles to him. Instead of expressing sympathy and promising help as Youth had expected, Luck said simply, "Happiness is only a matter of chance. It may come and it may not come. Wait and you will know."

Youth waited. No Happiness did he see. He became more and more discouraged.

The skies had been dark and gray for a number of days. The clouds threatened a big storm.

A storm, too, was brewing in Youth's heart. Suddenly through a rift in the clouds a ray of sunlight fell on a figure standing near him. It was Truth. Her robe, which was like the sunlight, her golden hair, her fair skin all appeared to Youth. But above all, her eyes told him that she could be trusted.

As soon as she spoke, Youth ran to her. At last here was a true friend. "Youth," she began, "you have been blind as many others have. Happiness has been by your side all the time. She is with you now. No one can see her without the help of two friends, my friend Industry and myself. Happiness is wrapped in a veil of mist through which you cannot see. Only Truth and Industry together can lift that veil. If you will come with me to her, we will let you see Happiness."

Encouraged, eager, Youth set out. At first he did not like the look on Industry's face. It was serious to the point of severity. In answer to his plea for help she replied, "Youth, you must do the tasks I give you and do them well if you wish to see Happiness." Youth consented, thoughtfully. Many were the tasks Industry gave him. Being unused to hard work he became footsore and weary, but his heart was light.

One afternoon while at a very hard task in the field, Youth caught a glimpse of a figure near him. He fancied he saw a mist lifting. "That must be Happiness," thought he. "Oh, I am going to see her now."

He ceased working and sat down to watch and rest. No sooner did he do so than the mist settled thicker than ever. Youth understood and was overjoyed at even a glimpse. Then he set to work again with a will. Far into that night did he work. Overcome with weariness he lay down in the field and fell asleep. The next morning when he opened his eyes the veil around Happiness was lifted. There she stood ready to greet him and aid him. Youth had earned his reward. Furthermore he promised himself that Truth and Industry should always be with him, for they could be trusted.

ALICE LAWRENCE, '19.

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## Why the Dictionary Didn't Attend

While I was looking up references at the back table, I leaned back in the luxuriant, soft-cushioned easy-chair that is provided for that purpose. I soon began to wonder how many more days I should have to go to school before another vacation, when all of a sudden I heard a big voice boom out and say, "Say, kid, have you got a cake of soap and some mending tissue?"

"What in the world do you want of a cake of soap?" I asked. "Do you want to blow soap-bubbles?"

"Well, you see," he said, "tonight is the night of the B. B. B. and I want to attend it."

"B. B. B.," I said in wonderment; "why, that means Bigger, Busier Boston, doesn't it?"

"Nix, kid; where are your brains?" he said. "It means the Books' Big Ball, and I want a cake of soap to wash off some of these dirty finger-marks from all over Gray, that make me look rather gray, myself. The scholars are very careless," he complained. "Just look at me," he said, walking up in front of me and opening his leaves. "Ain't I a sight?"

"Well," said I, "I didn't do it."

"No, of course not," he said sneeringly. "Present company is always excepted."

"Well, I don't see what I can do about it," I said. "The one who did it should be made to wash it off."

"That's just it," he said; "they all claim they didn't do it."

"Well, in that case," said I, "the teachers or the janitor must have done it."

"Ignorant donkey!" he exclaimed angrily and started for me, but slipped and fell from the table on my foot. I awoke and found that the principal had stepped on my foot; and, as the dictionary didn't get the soap, I suppose it didn't attend the B. B. B.

HAROLD KENT, '21.

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## The Conquering Hero

Near the southern coast of Maine is a little town by the name of S..... This town is connected with both Portland and Lewiston by trolley. The inhabitants often visit both cities and try to ape their manners, and, failing, spoil themselves for either common townsmen or city people.

Now in this town there is an institution of learning by the name of Central High School, the pupils of which are noted both for their peculiar form and their extreme brilliancy.

Some are born rotund; some achieve rotundity; and others have rotundity thrust upon them. Now John White had been triply blest by Providence, for he had achieved rotundity by all three of these means and several more besides. When John entered the Central High School he distinguished himself both by his fatal outward attraction for the ladies and his power of argument, consisting mostly of the loudest voice and the strongest lungs in school, which he exercised exclusively in the interests of the Democratic party.

He was in school four years, and had, as all Centralites have, days when everything seemed to go wrong—when he found some Republican opponent who had a voice almost as loud or lungs almost as strong as his. Or he had bright days, when he plumed himself on his ideal form and massive intellect.

June 20th dawned bright and fair with not a cloud to mar; it was John's graduation day. He arrayed himself in gorgeous raiment and paraded to the hall. He spoke first; his former arguments stood him in good stead, for one of the hearers humorously remarked that the audience fairly trembled, whether from the concussion or from the eloquence is open to debate. He had seated himself and was trying not to look too bewitching for the sake of the graduating girls, when he noticed a look of anxiety on the face of the principal and saw him vigorously signal to him. He rose and noisily tiptoed over behind this functionary's chair, and was informed that the principal had forgotten the diplomas.

Now you must know that at a graduation everything may be forgotten—parts, graduates, faculty, in short, anything but the diplomas. Without the diplomas the graduation machinery will cease its revolutions and all will be thrown into deep, dark gloom. But to return. The principal told John that the diplomas were in his desk at his office, that he should get them and return at once. Just behind the principal sat an old political enemy of John's, who heard the bidding with ill-concealed joy. He turned and with a grin whispered busily for a few minutes to an under-classman who tiptoed from the hall.

Meanwhile John serenely pursued his course toward the office, and after getting the diplomas, embarked on his return voyage. He had got halfway back when he noticed an underclassman talking to a young lady in a runabout—a young lady whom he had long secretly admired. They were talking busily in a low tone and kept looking towards John. As he drew near the fellow walked away and the girl waited for him to come alongside. As he approached she smiled sweetly and said, "Do you care to go for a little spin, John?"

The thought of his irresistible charms flitted through his mind, and in addition the fact that he had almost an hour before the diplomas were needed. Furthermore the girl, being one of those frail creatures called woman, would probably not survive the shock if he refused.

"Why, yes," he agreed at last, "if you will return to the hall before one o'clock."

They started; the morning was balmy; the birds were singing; the grass was green; and John was happy. They had got about seven miles out when the engine began to skip and finally stopped. The chivalrous and beaming John immediately jumped out to crank it, while his friend seemed greatly concerned. The first turn wrenched a loud grunt, and his friend



said sweetly, "You're doing well, John. I heard it start." After a period of cranking, John, not without misgivings, lifted the hood and looked learnedly at the engine. He was still looking at it when an apparently startled voice from the car exclaimed, "Why, it's half-past twelve, John!"

John, all his chivalry forgotten, seized the diplomas, regardless of the coat which he had discarded in the heat of cranking the car and started. He had seven miles to make in half an hour. He doggedly trotted uphill and down, until it seemed that he could run no further; but on the sixth mile he got a rest, for at the top of an exceedingly steep hill of about a half mile he caught his toe and, being built on the principal that offers the least resistance, namely, that of a ball, he rolled with rapidly increasing speed down the hill. About halfway down was an old woman wearing a pink sunbonnet. The human ball collided with this poor woman in such a manner as to roll her up with it and bore her off down the hill, feebly protesting. Unhappily at the bottom of the hill flowed a brook. By the time that John and his passenger reached the bottom of the hill, they were going with such velocity that upon striking a little rock, they rolled out of the road, into the brook, through to the other side, and stopped. But only for a moment. John clutched the diplomas tightly in his hand and started on the last half mile lap of his race against time.

Half-past one! A madly perspiring principal, who had been talking aimlessly for half an hour, with both wild eyes fixed on the door, a bored, perspiring audience with their eyes fixed on the door, and nineteen perspiring graduates with their eyes fixed on the door heard a scuffle outside with the janitor's voice predominating, "No tramps allowed here." But the argumentative bassoon arose triumphant, "I'm no tramp. I'm John White."

And through the door with a certain fat dignity rolled John White. But what a John! Trousers hanging in shreds and tatters from the knees, shirt black with the dust of S....., shoes a sodden ruin, his face black as charcoal, and trailing with a fancy tail effect the pink sunbonnet of his strange passenger! And was it a coincidence that the band at that moment struck up, "When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah! hurrah!"



Thus far baseball and tennis are the only sports that the students of Pennell Institute may enjoy. Although numerous efforts have been made to secure a hall for basketball, nothing has been accomplished.

Pennell has a good number of boys eligible to athletics; but not every one who can play seems to take enough interest to help the team. We have done the best that we could, winning only four out of nine games, which gives us an average of 444.

This year we have succeeded in acquiring Mr. Steeves as coach and have improved in knowledge of the game and the art of playing.

The Athletic Association has worked hard for the benefit of the ball team and has given a series of entertainments in the school hall to raise funds to buy suits and defray other necessary expenses.

We have played the following games:

Gray, April 19. The first game of the season we won over the town team by a score of 5 to 2.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Pennell Institute	0	1	2	0	0	0	1	1	0—5
Town Team	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0—2

Hits: Pennell Institute, 8; Town team, 9. Errors: Pennell Institute, 2; Town team, 5. Batteries: Quint and Leonard; Leighton and Sawyer.

New Gloucester, April 24. By heavy hitting, New Gloucester won the first out-of-town game, the score being 12 to 4.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Pennell Institute	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	0—4
New Gloucester	2	3	1	2	1	2	0	0	1—12

Hits: Pennell, 8; New Gloucester, 18. Errors: Pennell, 1; New Gloucester, 2. Batteries: Quint and Leonard; K. Woodbury and Birch.

Gray, April 26. Good fielding featured the third game, which Standish won 6 to 1.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Pennell Institute	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Standish	0	3	0	0	0	0	2	1	0—6

Hits: Pennell, 9; Standish, 8. Errors: Pennell, 0; Standish, 0. Batteries, Quint and Leonard; W. Wood and Pearson.

Gray, May 3. By stealing ten bases we won over Windham, 6 to 2.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Pennell Institute	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	2	0—6
Windham	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—2

Hits: Pennell, 8; Windham, 3. Errors: Pennell, 0; Windham, 3. Batteries: Quint and Leonard; Sawyer and Thompson.

Gray, May 14. By striking out thirteen men and getting four hits himself, Percy Quint won his own game against the Portland-Lewiston Interurban team, 17 to 14.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Pennell Institute	3	5	0	4	0	0	2	1	2—17
P. L. I.	1	1	1	0	1	6	0	1	5—16

Hits: Pennell, 19; P. L. I., 16. Errors: Pennell, 6; P. L. I., 9. Batteries: P. Quint and Leonard; Love, Raprell, H. Quint.

Sebago Lake, May 10. We played Standish a return game at Sebago Lake and tried to even things up, but the best we could do was a score of 6 to 2.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Pennell Institute	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—2
Standish	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	1	1—6

Hits: Pennell Institute, 11, Standish, 11. Errors: Pennell, 2; Standish, 1. Batteries: Quint and Leonard; E. Wood and Pearson.

New Gloucester, May 20. In a very uphill game New Gloucester beat us by a score of 14 to 7. The features of the game were the batting of Roberts of Pennell and the base-running of the Gloucester men.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Pennell Institute	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	3—7
New Gloucester	0	5	3	0	0	0	3	0	3—14

Hits: Pennell, 18; New Gloucester, 11. Errors: Pennell, 5; New Gloucester, 5. Batteries: Quint and Leonard; K. Woodbury and Birch.

The remaining games scheduled are as follows:

May 24—Greely High School, Gray, forenoon; Windham High, N. Windham, afternoon.

May 31—Greely Institute, Cumberland.

June 7—Mechanic Falls, at Mechanic Falls.

June 19—Gloucester at Gray.

June 20—Gloucester at Gray.

June 14—Mechanic Falls at Gray, pending.





In obtaining material for this department we applied to one member of each class to write a short paragraph on each of the members. Some of these are detailed, while others are very brief. This is due to the fact that we are compelled to depend wholly upon the facts sent us by the members to whom we applied. The editors appreciate the help which was willingly given them.

## 1889

Arthur Leonard Bennett, lawyer, Lewiston, Maine.  
 Annie Lee Bean, Mrs. Edward Hayes, Urbana, Illinois.  
 Grace Penfield Dow, Mrs. Fred Ramsdell, Gray, Maine.  
 Kate Adams Leslie, Mrs. J. D. Anderson, deceased.  
 Kate Higgins Libbey, Mrs. Harry Merrill, 454 Forest Avenue, Portland, Maine.  
 Mabel Edith Libby, Mrs. Wm. Small, Gray, Maine.

## 1890

Laura Allen, now Mrs. A. H. Weeks, lives in Portland, Maine.  
 Ethel I. Cummings, A.B., Bates, '94; Mrs. E. F. Pierce, lives in Lewiston.  
 Mabel Douglass lives in Gray, Maine.  
 J. Lillian Frank is a Gorham Normal teacher in Boston, Mass.  
 W. T. Libbey is a farmer. He married Lida A. Small and lives in Gray.  
 Nettie W. Libbey is a milliner in Portland.  
 W. C. Smith is a salesman in Chicago, Illinois.  
 Grace Webster, now Mrs. G. R. Morrill, lives in Portland.  
 Clara P. Goff, now Mrs. J. J. Johnson, lives in Portland.

1891

Lizzie B. Cobb is teaching in Los Angeles, California.

Daniel N. Cushing is a dentist in San Antonio, Texas, where he married  
Daisie Carr.

May Whitney, Mrs. Howard B. Clough, resides in Portland, Maine.

Mildred Carlotta Lowe married Wm. Dunphe, of Gray.

Fannie Symonds married Otis Witham, a farmer; she lives at North G

Elsie Megquier is bookkeeper and central operator at Poland Spring.

Abbie Knight Miles lives in Windham.

Silas D. Smith is in the lumber business, but your correspondent could not procure his address.

1892

The class of '92 consisted of seven members—four girls and three boys; and I venture to say there has never been another class of the same number with so many distinct opinions and personalities as that class possessed.

Two of the members are deceased.

Mrs. Susie Perley Gates resides in New York City and has two children, Sarah and Donald. She spends the summers at the old homestead at East Gray with her aged mother.

Ella Knight, still single, is a graduate of Gorham Normal School and a very successful teacher in Bridgewater, Mass., where she has taught for several years.

Ivy Smith was a graduate of Bates College and took a special course at Natick-on-the-Hudson. She spent her time doing missionary work up to the time of her illness and death, which occurred about five years ago.

Willard Mayberry is married and resides in Westboro, Mass., where he holds a responsible position as steward of the Westboro Asylum.

Richard Andrews graduated from Bowdoin, taught for a time in New Jersey, and has since been a teacher of Mathematics in Stuyvesant School, New York City.

Clarence Foster worked as carpenter with his father at Rumford Falls, Maine, from the time he graduated until his health failed him and he died some four years later.

As for myself, I attended the Springfield Normal School and taught for fifteen years in Windham and Gray previous to my marriage, and since then I have resided in Westbrook.

We have never met as a class since the summer after we graduated.

LILLIAN CUMMINGS.

## 1893

- Susie A. Hall resides in Gray, Maine; married Fernald D. Sawyer of Otisfield Gore, Maine; two sons, one daughter; Roscoe H., Eugene F., Mary S.
- Clara A. Haskell resides in Merrimac, Mass.; married Fred C. Twombly of Exeter, N. H.
- Ella F. Ramsdell resides in Gray, Maine; married Wilbert I. Whitney of Gray; two sons, Harland and Lawrence.
- Alma D. Savoy resides in Gray, Maine; married Fred S. Higgins of Gray; one daughter, Mary E.
- Marion H. Smith resides in Colorado Springs, Colorado; married Walter H. Manning of Colorado Springs; three daughters, Virginia, Florence and Mary.
- Myrta C. Skillings resides at 37 Orkney St., Portland, Maine; married George C. Larrabee of Bridgton, Maine; one son, Paul.
- Edward T. Frank, mining engineer, resides at Jerome, Arizona; married Jennie Adams, Bath, Maine.
- Charles K. Freeman died in Deadwood, S. D., January, 1909.
- George E. Hawkes, farmer, resides in Gray, Maine; married Effie M. Foss of East Parsonsfield, Maine; one son, one daughter; Marion and Owen.
- Clarence A. Libby, farmer, resides in Gray, Maine; married Mabel Hunt of Gray; one son, Warren.
- Harry L. Libby, farmer, resides in Gray, Maine; married Marion S. Merrill of Gray. Two sons, one daughter; Milton S., Merrill, and Barbara.
- Stephen R. Morrill, wholesale fruit and produce merchant, Portland, resides on Woodfords St., Portland; married Lucie P. Cole of Raymond; two sons, one daughter; Reed, Gardner, and Florence.
- Leonard B. Tripp, Captain Q. M. C., resides at Wellesley Hills, Mass.; married Grace Elwell, Natick, Mass.; two sons; Leonard and Arnold.
- This class has held ten successful reunions since its graduation in 1893.

## 1894

- Susie M. Jordan is Latin teacher in the High School at Lawrence, Mass.
- George F. Knight is working for the Burnham & Morrill Company of Portland. He is married and has a daughter, Sylvia, and one son.

## 1895

- Eva M. Barbour married Frank Bohnsen and lives in New York, 186 East 31st St., Brooklyn. She has two daughters, Hazel and Inez.
- Gertrude Plummer married a Mr. Gnekow. She has a public stenographer's office at 401 Felts Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. She has one daughter, Eunia Frances.
- Annie B. Thompson married Lot Morrell and resides at South Windham.

1896

Edith Allen married Albert Cobb of West Gray. They have three children, Katherine, John, and Winnifred.

Margaret H. Andrews took a course at Shaw's Business College and is now stenographer at the Maine Central Office in Portland.

Lucie P. Cole graduated from Gorham Normal and taught for several years. She married Stephen Morrill and has two children, Reed and Garon. They live on Woodfords Street, Portland, Maine.

William S. Cole is a farmer at East Raymond. He married Angie Jordan. His oldest daughters, Helen and Irene, were the first of the second generation to graduate from Pennell Institute. His third daughter is now in school.

Frank Adams is a photographer in Portland, Maine.

William C. Barbour married a Miss Adams of Cumberland. They live there and have two children.

Warren P. Doughty is a sales-manager for Felt and Tarrant. His address is 51 State Street, Albany, New York. They have two daughters, Kathleen and Margaret.

Herman R. Hall graduated from the Baltimore Dental College as a doctor of dental surgery and practised for several years in Portland.

Carrie A. Hall graduated from Gorham Normal and taught for a number of years in Danvers, Mass., and in Gray. She is now a teacher of penmanship in the schools of Bath, Maine.

Bessie Cummings is a teacher at Orr's Island.

Susie Pennell attended the Boston University for two years. Later she taught. She is the wife of Guy W. Chipman, '97. They have three children, Carle, Carolyn, and Lyman. They live at 15 Clark Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Edna Merrill, after graduating from Gorham Normal, taught for several years. She is now Mrs. Harlan P. Wheeler and has one daughter, Ruth.

1897

Frank Allen resides at West Gray; he is a sawyer.

Abraham W. Anderson commenced his business career in Dry Mills, being employed in the store there for a short time. Later he served as clerk in Portland, after which he engaged in the shoe business in Boston for a few years. He now resides in Portland and is a member of the shoe firm Cropley and Anderson.

Bessie W. Anderson, after teaching for a short time, married John W. Morrill. She has long been active in the State Relief Corps work and at present is State President of the Woman's Relief Corps. She has four children, Anderson, Marguerite, Everett, and Ralph, of



whom the older two are members of Pennell Institute. She lives in Gray.

Annie E. Bailey graduated from Bates College in 1901. She taught in Bridgton three years and since that in Gray. She has been first assistant in Gray for fourteen years.

Guy W. Chipman graduated from Colby College in 1901, and later obtained his degree of A.M. at Harvard. He has been a most successful teacher in several places, including Winthrop and Waterville, Maine, Philadelphia, and is now teaching in New York City. He married Susie Pennell and they have one daughter and two sons.

William K. Foster graduated from Massachusetts hospital as nurse. He is now located at South Windham, where he is postmaster and first selectman. He is married and has one son.

George L. Freeman graduated from the University of Maine in 1903. He married Annie Kimball of Milton, N. H., and they have three daughters and one son. He has been engaged as civil engineer in New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and several years was in Portland with the Moulton Engineering Company. About a year ago he became chief draftsman for the Foundation Company of New York City.

Warren G. Freeman was employed as master carpenter for several years in Massachusetts. He married Lucy Freeman, who passed away several years ago. They had two daughters and one son. He lives in North Windham, where he conducts a general store.

Charles A. Haskell has been in the employ of Edwards & Walker, Portland, for several years as a commercial traveler.

Albertena Jordan lives in Raymond, where she is housekeeper for her father, her mother having passed away several years ago.

Frank Leavitt married Mary Hancock, who passed away in 1901, leaving one son. He later married Abbie Flint and they have three sons and three daughters. He has lived in Raymond, where he owned a very large farm, and was engaged in town affairs for several years. This spring he purchased the Harry Merrill farm in Gray, where he now resides.

Ida M. Morrell taught school in Raymond. She married Charles Peterson of Bridgton and has one daughter, Nora. At present she is Mrs. Ralph Lord of Fairfield, Alabama.

#### 1898

The only living member of this class is Grace Stimson. She married John D. Bennett and has four children, Elizabeth, Eleanor, John, and Russell. She lives at South Windham.

## 1899

- Ina E. Barbour married W. E. Doughty. They have five children, Albert, Alice, Edison, and twin girls, Evelyn and Eugenia.
- A. Katrina Bohnsen taught for several years in the schools of Gray. Her present address is 437 West 124th Street, New York City.
- Erlon S. Fogg is a consulting engineer and is at the head of a office in New York City.
- Della M. Haskell taught in Gray for some time. She married Ernest Chipman and has three children, Louise, Russell, and Eleanor.
- Percie E. Leavitt taught for some time and then married Carl E. Leach Raymond, Maine.
- Lois B. Libby married Harry Dolloff of Gray. They have four children, Dorothy, Norman, Maynard, and Abbie.
- Lena McConkey married Harlie Day of Gorham, Maine. They have one daughter, Florence. Mrs. Day is prominent in Relief Corps work, being Department Secretary.
- Charles W. Pennell graduated from University of Maine in 1905 with the degree of B.S. He is now a civil engineer in Rhode Island.
- Gertrude Stimson married C. E. Leighton. They live at Woodfords and have three children, Doris, Geneva, and Everett.

## 1900

- Wilbur P. Hancock, proprietor of the Colonial Inn, Gray.
- John C. Cummings, with Portland and Lewiston Interurban Co., Gray, Me.
- Almont C. Barstow, travelling salesman, Portland, Maine.
- Charles W. Barbour, with E. Corey & Co., Portland, Maine.
- Marion S. Libby (Merrill), wife of Harry Libby, Gray.
- Blanche B. Hall (Knight), deceased.
- Susie L. Delano (Parker), wife of Merritt E. Delano, Kittery, Maine.
- Ina A. Fogg, teacher of French, Adams High School, Adams, Mass.
- Esmeralda Witham Mann, teacher of elocution, Portland, Maine.

## 1901

The editor of this department regrets to announce that no items have been received from this class.

## 1902

The class of 1902 has a very brief record, there being only six members and nearly all built on the ordinary plan.

- Bessie Sheehan, our valedictorian, went to Bates College, taught high school for a while and then married Daniel Mahoney and lives somewhere in Connecticut. They have several children.

Elizabeth Savoy is employed as a school teacher and comes home to Gray two or three times a year.

Mabel Foster married Willis M. Goff and is Postmistress at Dry Mills, where she now resides.

W. Leighton is in the Government Mail and Customs Service in Westbrook. He married Edith Hulit of Westbrook. They have one child.

Eugene Foster went to Bates and afterwards went into business at Dry Mills, where he is now located. He married Minnie E. Bohnsen of Gray and they have two children.

Chester Marsden went into business at Dry Mills and afterward at East Gray, where he is now located. He married Wilma A. Morrill of Westbrook.

## 1903

Minnie E. Bohnsen married Eugene Foster and lives at Dry Mills, Me. She has a family of two children, Jeanette and Silas.

Jennie M. Bohnsen married Perley C. Sawyer and lives at Gray, Me. She was a teacher in her home town before her marriage. She has two sons, Kenneth H. and Elbert C.

Marcia E. Megquier married Stephen B. Libby and lives at Pownal, Me. She was a teacher in Gloucester before her marriage. She has a family of seven children, Mildred, Blanche, Ernest, Aileen, Carl, Louville, and Charles.

Gordon E. Skillings, or Gordon Gillespie, as he is now called, lives at Andover, Mass. He is an engineer; is married and has two daughters.

Henry G. Savoy lives at his old home at East Gray. He is unmarried.

Ralph E. Morey is employed in a shoe-shop in Auburn, doing electrical work. He is married and lives at 13 South Goff Street, Auburn, Me.

Harlie R. Chipman is an engineer on the Maine Central Railroad and lives at 113 College Avenue, Waterville, Maine. He is married and has five children, Marguerite, Raymond, Arlene, Elizabeth, and Theron.

True C. Morrill graduated from Bates College and has been for several years superintendent of schools at Norway, Maine.

## 1904

Ellen F. Libby taught in the town schools for some time. She married Moses Dunn of Gorham, Maine. They have four children, Frederick, Elizabeth, Robert and Priscilla.

Juliette Edwards is now Mrs. L. L. Megquier. She has three children, Earl, Ellen, and Lewis.

Caroline D. Leighton taught school for about one year. She was a telephone operator for the Pine Tree Telephone Company for some time. She married Elmer Davis of Norway, Maine, and they have four daughters, Edith, Marion, Helen, and Mabel.

Helen I. Merrill is the town librarian in Gray.

George E. Haskell is a clerk for W. F. Jordan of Portland. He married Anna Whitney of Gray. They have one daughter.

Agnes Fogg graduated from Bates in 1909 with degree of A.B. She taught in the Sanford High School. She is now Mrs. Newton H. Fogg and lives at Sanford, Maine.

Leon C. Manchester is a clerk for W. B. Sweetser, Gray, Maine. He married Grace W. Doughty. They have three children, Frances, Warren, and Doris.

Perly C. Sawyer is a farmer in Gray. He married Jennis Bohnsen. They have two sons, Kenneth and Elbert.

Helen Hunt had the degree of A.B. in the class of 1912 of Colby College. She is now teaching at Montpelier, Vt.

#### 1905

Since graduating from Pennell Institute, May 25, 1905, our classmates have been widely separated, six having settled in the Old Pine Tree State, one each in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. Just a brief history of each follows.

Dana S. Jordan graduated from Bates College with the degree of A.B. in 1909 and has taught in the following schools: High School, Bethlehem, N. H., 1909—1912; Greely Institute, Cumberland Center, 1912-1917; Dow Academy, Franconia, N. H., 1917-1918; High School, Lisbon, N. H., 1918-1919. Sept. 4, 1912, he married Ethel M. Mathes of Bethlehem, N. H. They have three children, Dana Stanford, Jr., born Feb. 10, 1914; Jeanette Josephine, Oct. 12, 1915; Lester Mathes, born Oct. 2, 1918, died Nov. 16. During the summer season Dana runs the summer hotel, "Rocky Birch," at Bethlehem, N. H., and makes good financially, thoroughly enjoying his change from teaching.

Frances D. Hall after graduating was stricken with a long and severe illness, which prevented her from taking a normal course as she had planned. Disappointed, she went to Waltham, Mass., and secured work with the Waltham Watch Company, and for the past eight years has been an office clerk for that concern, having studied shorthand and type-writing to some extent. She is unmarried and her address is 8 Common St., Waltham, Mass.

Arthur W. Hill attended Shaw's Business College for a while, then entered the Palmer Shoe Store. He also studied music, forming an orchestra,

which still exists, with himself as manager. In the fall of 1918 he married Bernice Nash of Norway, Me., an accomplished musician. For the past ten years he has been working for Uncle Sam on the R. route from Gray to West Gray.

Little has been heard from Iva S. Henry, who came to us from Readfield, Me., except what came to us from her mother recently. Iva, being at present in the Homeopathic Hospital, Allentown, Pa., is unable to correspond. She married John A. Smith in 1910 and went to Pennsylvania to live. To them the following children have been born: Margaret, Feb. 12, 1911; Ellen, April 20, 1912; John, Jr., and Clara, Sept. 2, 1913; Marian, May 20, 1915; Ruth, Feb. 14, 1917; Janet, Mar. 28, 1918. Clara died when seven weeks old.

Anna E. Whitney graduated from Gorham Normal in 1908, then taught five years in the primary school at Cumberland Center and one year in the primary school at Gray with good success. Sept. 7, 1914, she married George E. Haskell and moved to Portland. They lost the baby boy, Charles Whitney, soon after his birth. A daughter, Florence Emeline, was born Feb. 6, 1917. Mr. and Mrs. Haskell reside at 4 Lewis Street, Portland, Maine.

Roland Barrows, our professional ball-player, lives in Gorham, Me., owning one of the best greenhouses in the state. He reports a paying business. He has played ball with good success with the Pine Tree Team of South Portland, with Biddeford, New Bedford, and later with the Chicago White Sox, New Jersey, Rochester, and Baltimore teams. In the fall of 1907, he married Marietta C. Leighton of Cumberland Mills.

Angie M. Frank still remains at Gray. She taught in the public schools of Gray successfully, then entered the private school of Lottie Hawkes, Portland, to learn shorthand and typewriting. For the past four years she has been saleslady for the firm of Sweetser and Cole Company.

Hewett D. Cole and Jennie Cummings married June 12, 1906, and settled on the former Cummings Homestead, which they have carried on successfully. Five years ago he entered into partnership with W. B. Sweetser in the general store at Gray Corner and formed a corporation known as the Sweetser Cole Company. At present he is third selectman of the town. The following children have blessed their happy life: Ellen Frances, born March 21, 1907; Leonard Cummings, born April 14, 1908, died Jan. 9, 1909; Hewett Norman, born May 8, 1910; Warren Sylvester, born Jan. 30, 1917.

## 1906

The class of 1906 graduated under Prof. C. F. Howland. It consisted of ten members, as follows; Irene Foster, Grace W. Doughty, Edith Whitney, Edith E. Fogg, E. Mildred Colley, Ralph P. Dow, Frank G. Merrill, Fred L. Webb, Leroy Libby and Harold Clapp.

Irene Foster was the first to be married. In 1908 she married Irving Foster of Auburn, where they now live. They have one daughter.

Grace Doughty, now Mrs. Leon Manchester of Gray, taught several terms of school and was telephone operator before her marriage. They have three children.

Ethel Whitney trained as a nurse at the Central Maine General Hospital, Lewiston. Two years ago she married Guy Foye of Windham. They have one child.

Edith Fogg has been a very successful teacher—teaching in schools here until a short time ago. She is now at North Berwick, Me.

Frank Merrill is one of the prosperous farmers of Gray. In 1910 he married Lena Stevens of Gray. They have a daughter, Elizabeth.

LeRoy Libby has held several positions since graduating. At one time he was in Washington working on the census report. Following that he worked for the N. E. T. & T. Co. At present he is Postmaster in Gray. He married Bessie Burns of this town and they have one son.

The only member of the class not living is Fred Webb. He was a victim of influenza in December, 1918. He was cashier of the National Biscuit Co. in Portland for several years. In 1914 he married Mildred Colley, a member of the class. Mrs. Webb before her marriage was stenographer in the Registry of Deeds, Portland. She and their two children are now living in Gray.

Another to follow the profession of teaching is Ralph Dow. He attended Bates College and has taught in several places. At present he is in New Bedford, Mass. He married a Miss Bartlett of Tamworth, N. H. Two children have been born to them. Mr. Dow and family spend their summers at Dry Mills, Me.

Harold Clapp also took a course at Bates College. Since then he has taught. At present he is in Colora, Md.

## 1907

When confronted with the request for a sketch of the class of 1907, I was non-plussed. Just how was the class of 1907 regarded?

To the general public it was merely a class in Pennell Institute—probably no better nor worse than any other class. To the class itself—but why state our own attitude when every other class holds precisely the same opinion of itself, an opinion which soars steadily and unceasingly from the

freshman year until Commencement Day? To the class of 1908 we were at times, anyway, a disagreeable obstacle which time alone could remove, and which, therefore, must be patiently endured, though not always silently. So the only true solution of my difficulty must be reached through the minds of the faculty of Pennell some twelve years ago.

Uncannily enough, this seemingly impossible solution of the problem appeared in a little booklet of quotations compiled with Miss Bailey's assistance, by the class in our senior year. Here was a personal quotation for each of the seven members of the class; and at the very end of its pages I came upon the following quotation, chosen by Miss Bailey herself and penned by her own hand as a fitting epitaph for the class of 1907:

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small world should turn out such a crew."

Musingly I re-read that amazing couplet. If that was the verdict of one of the most trusted and loyal teachers P. I. ever boasted, it could not be gainsaid.

But at this moment an illuminating thought entered my mind. Surely by the lives of its members during the past twelve years has the Class of 1907 proved its own vindication. Without exception they hold positions of trust and responsibility, not the least of these achievements being three future graduates of Pennell Institute. Where better can the proofs of their vindication be spread abroad than through these pages?

Miss Florence A. Small, the class valedictorian, and a graduate of Gorham Normal School, is a successful teacher, so successful, in fact, that she has held the same position for years, at Highland Lake.

Elmer F. Lawrence, class inventor and electrician, is in the employ of York and Boothbay of Portland. While with them he has had charge of the wiring of the new High School Building in Portland, New Science Hall, Bates College, and a large plant in Lubec.

Bessie M. Burns, Mrs. Leroy Libby, is assistant postmistress of Gray and mother of the oldest of the class babies.

Albert N. Whitney has been connected with the Palmer Shoe Company of Portland for ten years. In him behold the proud parent of one of Pennell's future sons.

Miss Mildred L. Foster, who has faithfully filled her niche in the home where she has always been needed, passed away at her home in Gray, April 16, 1919.

Miss Matilda C. Smith, whose class quotation was most fitting—

"None knew her but to love her,  
None named her but to praise,"

is a foreign missionary in Egypt.

Lena P. Stevens, Mrs. Frank G. Merrill, usually in hot water in the old days, is just plain farmer, Gray; and is laboriously trying to make her young farmerette a credit to P. I. in years to come.

Respectfully submitted by one of the "Crew."

## 1908

Myra L. Frank taught for five and one-half years in the public schools of Raymond and Gray. She then married E. C. Barton. They have two children, Erwin and Ruth.

Mabelle H. Hunt graduated from Colby College in 1914 and has been teaching since. She is now teaching French in the High School at Woonsocket, R. I.

Priscilla B. Merrill is doing government work in Washington, D. C. Her address is 105 Sixth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

William C. Osgood studied for the ministry and acted in that capacity for several years, his last parsonage being Ashland, Northern Maine. He is now in the medical service at U. S. A. Debarkation Hospital, No. 51, National Soldiers' Home, Va.

Roy F. Webb took a short course at Hebron Academy, then went to work for W. B. Sweetser, where he remained until a year ago, when he went to West Falmouth in Pearson's Grocery Store. He recently purchased a farm in that town and has moved his family there. He married Harriet Sawyer and they have two children, Norman and Robert.

## 1910

Alice M. Brown graduated from St. Barnabas Hospital in 1913. In 1916 she was superintendent of the Hillcrest Hospital in Auburn. She married Arthur L. Hitchcock and is living at 119 Sherwood Street, Portland, Me.

Besse Libbey taught in the public schools of Gray. She married Stuart S. Cobb. They have two children, Lorraine and Glendon.

Albert E. Leighton worked at Berry's garage about two years. He then went to South Paris in the employ of the Paris Manufacturing Company. After a course in drafting with the International Correspondence School he worked as draftsman for the Moulton Engineering Company. On December 12, 1918, he entered the service. He was first stationed at San Antonio and later at Waco, Texas. He was then sent to St. Paul, Minn., where he took a three months' course in aviation mechanics. After that he was put into the drafting room. He was discharged from the service January 4, 1919, and is now working at Berry's Garage, Gray.



1911

When called upon to account for the achievements of the unlucky thirteen of 1911, I wondered if there were any worth mention. Indeed there are! Would a school paper be complete without them? No. Therefore I will endeavor to recall a bit of our present and past history.

First is our valedictorian, Dorothy Dow. After commencement she taught two years, then in 1913 was married to Clifford Libby. At present she is at 33 Travers Street, Rockland, Maine.

Second is Christina Brown. The summer following the close of her school career, she took up household duties for a relative in Roslindale, Mass. Her address now is 855 South Street, Roslindale, Mass.

The first to take the one great step in life, matrimony, was Gladys Small. We all wondered at our banquet why Gladys would not sit at the table with twelve others, but we soon solved the problem. She was superstitious and didn't want her plans upset; so she very shortly became Mrs. Walter Berry. She has one little boy and resides in Bridgton, Me.

Now comes to my mind Lilla Cobb. She was at first an attendant at the State School, Pownal. Then she went to Taunton State Hospital for training and graduated in 1919. Meantime she married Harvey Thompson. Address, Taunton State Hospital, Taunton, Mass.

After commencement our friend Harriet decided to go to Gorham Normal, from which she is a graduate. After teaching some time in public schools, she married Arthur Whittaker. Now she with her husband and daughter Phyllis reside at 92 Illsley Street, Woodfords, Me.

Next in line is Clara Thompson, who after performing her duty as an instructor in rural schools, became Mrs. Francis Hayes. She has one child and resides in Yarmouth, Me.

Another member of our class who has become the head of a household is Reina Colley, now Mrs. F. T. Whitney. She has been blest with two children, a boy and a girl. Address, Gray, Maine.

Ruth Hamilton Pelton, who has proved herself a very efficient teacher, is now in this town, caring for her invalid father.

Ruth Thayer, the Hello-Girl, is now employed at the New England Office, Gray. She may be located by phone very easily. Just ask for Ruth Williamson, Gray.

Walter Leighton is at present with the A. E. F. in France. He has served nine months over there. His attention has always been turned to the automobile business. First he was a chauffeur in Frankfort, Me., then in Brookline, Mass. Previous to his entering the service he was employed at Berry's garage, Gray.

Once the ties of our number have been broken, for in 1919 the Heavenly Father removed from our midst Leroy A. Fogg. He was in training

at Fort Williams and was stricken with pneumonia. He was the last boy to go from our town and the second comrade to be brought back.

The last of the thirteen, Helen Merrill, previous to her marriage to Perley Lawrence was a clerk. Now she is with her parents in Gray, awaiting her husband's return from overseas.

Respectfully submitted by One of the Crew.

#### 1912

Evelyn Louise Bishop was teacher of a school at Raymond for a time, married Ralph W. Sawyer, and lives at Gray.

Inez Anna Burns taught at South Gray. Later she was clerk at Gray post office. Married Perley S. Prince and has a daughter, Gladys. They reside in New Gloucester, Maine.

Perley Warren Lawrence was employed in the store of W. B. Sweetser nearly two years. Later he was with the Bigelow and Bailey Co. of Portland. After leaving them, he worked at Berry's Garage, until called to military service at Camp Devens, Mass., April 30, 1918. He sailed for France July 15, 1918, with the 301st Motor Supply Train. This unit was at St. Amand for four months and is now at Le Havre. He married Helen H. Merrill and their home is at Gray.

Marion Elizabeth Leighton was operator at the office of the Pine Tree Telephone Co., and since September, 1917, has been an assistant in the post office at Gray.

Bertha May Libby married William C. Hodge, and lives at Mechanic Falls, Maine.

Hazel May Woodbury studied telegraphy at Shaw's Business College at Portland. She has been an employee of the Western Union Co., at Portland, Maine, Winchester and Amesbury, Mass., and since December, 1918, has been at Bridgeport, Conn.

#### 1913

No one could tell who first conceived the idea of the Class of 1913. Some unkind persons might suggest that it just happened along as a sort of connecting link between 1912 and 1914, but to its members 1913 will always represent the climax of the history of Pennell Institute. We should be pardoned this bit of vanity, when it is considered that every other class feels just the same way.

One day in the early fall of 1909, there appeared at the Institute a new aggregation of girls and boys of all sorts and sizes, henceforth to be known as the Class of 1913. Their troubles weren't long in beginning. Latin

lessons, freshman rhetoricals, and a multitude of other features prevented our life from becoming in the least monotonous.

Sophomore year found our ranks somewhat depleted, but the theory is that wisdom and understanding increased with diminishing numbers. Budding genius began to show on all sides, and Miss Bailey soon found a number of linguists and poets in 1913, to add to her worries.

But it was not until the Junior year that 1913 produced anything out of the ordinary; then came "The Private Secretary." Whatever it might have been, it was far from ordinary. Those who witnessed the first and last production of our comedy may perhaps know what it looked like on the stage, but they can never realize half what it meant to the class, in rehearsal, presentation and reminiscence. Can we ever forget?

While this was perhaps the most important feature of the year, there is another worthy of mention. It must have been about this time that we heard whisperings of the doings and sayings of the Ananias Club, an outgrowth, it may be said, of the famous old "library privilege." One can hardly help but wonder if there is any significance to be attributed to the fact that the three most prominent members of the club are the only remaining unmarried members of the class. Little did they dream of the influence this seemingly innocent organization could have on their future lives.

However the high position of Seniors may have affected other classes, 1913 never seemed to be over-armed by anything resembling a sense of dignity. The Ananias Club continued to flourish, and while new members from the lower classes were initiated to carry on the noble work in future years, the Seniors were careful to retain a controlling vote at all meetings. Senior Exhibition for a time called upon our energies, but it had been proved long before that 1913 couldn't worry about anything to any great extent, even examinations. The swift approach of Commencement with all its attendant preparations, failed to shake us in our resolve to let the morrow care for itself.

We will not dwell long upon Commencement exercises of this class of classes. It is enough to say that late in May, 1913, the membership of the Pennell Institute Alumni Association was increased by nine, six of whom were of the fair sex. We cannot help but recollect that we were favored with the rainiest of rainy Commencement days within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

An idea of where the class is now, can be best had by devoting a short paragraph to each member.

Lillian Belle Verrill. Lillian was the first of our class to become a married lady. During the summer after graduation she was married to Harold C. Fossett, and since has been living at Nason's Corner, Portland, Me. We have heard very little of her since she left us, but suppose she is still taking things as they come and enjoying life, as was her custom.

Irma Muriel Stinchfield. Though Muriel spent some time at teaching, this popular vocation did not keep her attention, and our class valedictorian is now known to the world as Mrs. Fred Blake. At last reports she was living in New Gloucester. Muriel has one child, who already shows promise of being a credit to 1913.

Arlene Merrill Hunt. After graduation Arlene continued in the pursuit of learning, going for that purpose to Bates College. Here she became well acquainted with one Dana Russell of Pennell Institute, 1909—at any rate well enough acquainted so that they were married soon after Dana's graduation. For a time they were situated in Washington County where both were teaching, but since have returned to Gray, and at present Arlene is a farmer's wife on Hunt's Hill. One little Julia Russell will be one of the younger generation at our first class reunion.

Lucy Lillian Small. Lucy, our salutatorian, also tried teaching for a while, but abandoned the profession to become Mrs. L. Elmer Dunlap. She now lives in New Gloucester, and has one boy, Woodward Elmer Dunlap.

Aldine Annie Osgood. Aldine, who as our president piloted us through four years of class meetings, showed the good judgment of picking a husband out of her own class. She is now keeping house at Gray Corner as Mrs. Gardner Morrill.

Gardner Matthew Morrill. Gardner, who has just been mentioned in the last paragraph, is a very busy farmer, as well as a successful one. It is assumed that he must be a successful chauffeur, also, for he has just returned from an extended tour of the West, where, we doubt not, that horned toads and prairie dogs have formed a terrible opinion of his reckless driving. He is best remembered to us as the musician of the class, and the leader of Morrill's Orchestra. Gard's address is still Gray, Me.

Edith Estelle Merrill. Edith, whom we have always known to be ambitious, followed up Pennell Institute with a course at Farmington Normal School. Here she obtained her O.M. degree, to which she has thus far been faithful, for she alone of all the girls of 1913, clings to single blessedness. We have found that she is a very elusive individual when it comes to getting information about her, but the prevailing rumor is that she is teaching school in Bath. As to her success there can be no doubt.

Joseph Charles McDonald. Joe has had such a checkered career since 1913 that we have had difficulty in following him up. At various times we have had word of him as fisherman, lumberman, fisherman, motorcycle speed cop, fisherman, soldier and fisherman. We are not certain what he may not have been doing between times. At

Camp Upton he took a thorough course in "squads right," and if he adds military bearing to his already dignified appearance, he will be a formidable customer for the offenders against the speed laws this summer. If he has had any serious affairs with the fair sex he has kept us well in the dark.

Philip Nason Libby. This individual spent four years at University of Maine, where (it is supposed) he became learned in the mysterious ways and methods of scientific forestry. Since then he has presumably been slaying bears in Northern Maine and chasing Huns with gas bombs somewhere in France. In spite of these perilous pastimes he has been quite in evidence about town for some time, apparently in his usual good health. He still holds a firm position as one of the class bachelors.

Thus 1913 makes its bow to its Alma Mater, with all good wishes for the future success of all that concerns the old school.

#### 1914

We, the members of the class of 1914, have been rather widely separated since our graduation from Pennell Institute. Our separation dates from that day in June, when, after a happy reunion in Lewiston during which we had our pictures taken, we tearfully left Mac Berry at the home of Dr. Pierce of that city.

Mac remained there as housekeeper until October of the same year, when she left to become Mrs. Matthias Nadeau. Mac now has three children, two boys and a girl. She has made her home since her marriage in Portland, Lynn, Mass., and Auburn where her present address is 31 Hampshire Street.

Another of our classmates who has married is Esther Field of Falmouth. Esther taught a short while at Falmouth, but deserted the profession before she became an old-maid school-ma'am. Esther was married on October 13, 1917, to Merton Hall of this town. After living for some time in Augusta, she and her husband and little daughter, Arlene Frances, settled their home at Casco, Maine.

The only boy of the class, Frank Woodbury of 160 Oak Street, Lewiston, has started in fair way to fulfill our wildest expectations of him. After graduation Frank entered the employ of the Androscoggin Electric Light Co., where hard work brought him to the notice of the manager. When the war came, the call of Duty took Frank from a position of responsibility to which he had risen with the Company, to Camp Devens. Within a week a serious accident occurred which placed him in the hospital for six months with a badly broken leg. Following his discharge, the first of this year, Frank found himself promoted to the responsible position in charge of the Deer Rips

Power Station. Though Frank is still a bachelor, who knows what part a certain auburn-haired little lady has played in his advancement?

Eleanor Russell of East Gray is a teacher in this town. Her teacher's experience began at North Gray school where she spent two years. She accepted the East Gray school, near her home, the following year, which position she has faithfully kept until the present time.

Elva Gilman, or "Buggie," of Scarborough, Maine, is still a student. Elva entered Middlebury College after her graduation from Pennell Institute. Following her course there, she taught History and other subjects at Windham High School. Elva is now a student at University of Maine, where she has studied for two years.

The author of this, formerly known as "Bobby," feels rather old as she traces her history through the years since 1914. She took a business course at Shaw's Business College in 1915. Since then, she has taught the grades at Gardiner and Vinalhaven, Me., different subjects at Southport High School, and is now teacher of book-keeping at Saugus High School, Saugus, Mass.

With the years has come to us a fuller realization of the debt which we owe to the members of our faculty who have so long and patiently worked for the welfare of the school, and a greater appreciation of the splendid opportunities for education offered at our Alma Mater, Pennell Institute.

EVA M. BISHOP,  
St. Theresa House, Lynn, Mass.

#### 1915

On June the 11th, 1915, another class went forth from Pennell Institute to seek their fortunes in this wide, wide world. This class consisted of only nine healthy, robust looking girls, namely: Catherina Woodbury, Julia Bishop, Beatrice Berry, Gladys Burns, Rachel Foster, Velma Snow, Hilda Leavitt, Annie Merrill, and Ruby Wilson. Eight of these had partially fitted themselves for teaching school, having taken the teachers' course. The remaining one, Catherina, wishing to go further in school, again took up her school duties at Bates College, and this June will graduate with honors in Language and Literature.

Julia, so sedate and the "Old Maid" of the class, does not really like teaching, but still sticks to it. She has taught in Sebago, Cumberland Center, Waterboro, Hanover, and at present is at East Boothbay.

Rachel has taught at Dutton Hill, substituted in the Primary School at the Corner and at present is teaching at York.

Beatrice began teaching at North Raymond, then after two years accepted the school at East Raymond, where she is at the present time.

Gladys has also been a very successful teacher, having taught two years at West Gray and one at Windham, and is now teaching at Livermore Falls.

Hilda began teaching in Phillips, Maine, and later taught in New Hampshire. Last June she was married to Percy Harriman of North Windham. Since then they have been living in New Hampshire, where Mr. Harriman is employed. Last December Hilda was taken sick with influenza, which left her in very bad condition; it settled on her lungs, causing her to have an operation a short time ago. At last report she was no better. She is at present at her husband's home at South Windham.

Annie first accepted a school in Falmouth, where she taught a year and a half. In the fall of 1917 she was united in marriage to Victor Leach of New Gloucester. They lived at the Corner until May, 1918, when her husband was drafted to do his bit for "Uncle Sam." The year while he was away Annie lived at home, and during that time taught one term of school at Dry Mills. Mr. Leach has just returned from overseas and they are again living at Gray Corner.

Velma did most of her teaching in Minot, and later was employed in Dr. Call's office at Lewiston. On Thanksgiving day, 1917, Velma was married to Clyde Segars of New Gloucester. They lived at Freeport for a time, then came to Portland, Munjoy Hill, where they still live. A short time ago a baby girl was born to them, Jennie Audrey. This is the first baby of the class.

Ruby, as well as the other three girls, taught school at East Gray for one year, then in the fall 1916 was united in marriage to George Dwight Merrill, a farmer. Ruby now lives on a large farm at East Gray. A year ago Ruby was made secretary of the Red Cross at Gray and since then has been much interested in that work.

These are only a very few facts of each one of the class, but nevertheless it locates them all.

### 1916

When called upon to write a history of the Class of 1916, I was bewildered. No author, of past or present fame, could ever do justice to the "most illustrious class" that ever graduated from Pennell Institute.

The moral and intellectual ability of the "Tried and Trusted" quintet of the Class of 1916 so far exceeded that of any previous class that we never consider ourselves in the same class, though proud of the fact that we were once students at Pennell Institute.

Though separated, we try to keep in touch with one another. Following our commencement, Alberta Roberts, "steadfast, sober and denure," decided to go to college. She entered Bates in the fall. Later she left and is now teaching at South Paris.

Marion Merrill, with her "over-spread grin," attended University for two years. She is training to be a nurse at the Insane Hospital at Bangor.

Henry R. Butler, "no proud jack, but a lad of mettle, a good boy," entered University of Maine in the fall of '16. He is some day to be an electrical engineer with a reputation that will make his feminine classmates proud of their only boy.

Helen M. Sweetser, with her "modest, bashful nature" was employed at the Poland Spring House the summer following commencement. In the fall, she entered the Shaw Business College, from which she was graduated in June. Helen is now employed at the Fisk Rubber Tire Company of Portland.

W. Adelle Snow, "the more informed, the less she understood," is just plain school-ma'am at Cumberland, laboriously struggling to teach the young minds, under her direction, the fundamentals that will some day make them the worthy citizens that their instructor has become.

Most respectfully submitted by

One of the "Tried and Trusted."

#### 1917

The class of 1917, as great in numbers as any other class that has graduated from Pennell Institute, hopes to claim rightfully equal importance in other respects. Since its graduation there has not been time to prove to the full extent the worth of its illustrious members. But the noble beginning already made must show that it will not be out-distanced.

Fred Skillings's course has been a varied one. We all expected greatness from our valedictorian, and Fred has been trying to find in what paths greatness lies. He first tried teaching at Lovell. His success was so evident that the people of Southwest Harbor engaged him for principal of their grammar school. Soon after accepting this position, the call for volunteers came, and he enlisted in the S. A. T. C. at the University of Maine. He was unable to pass the physical examination, so left college and secured the position of bookkeeper and stenographer with the Fox Brothers Lumber Firm in Fryeburg, with which he is still working. But Fred does not spend his entire time on the office. He is up to his ears in Boy Scout work; he is both assistant scout master and patrol leader. Fred says that he still has time to attend movies after his duties are conscientiously accomplished.

Irene Cole has decided that teaching is after all a desirable occupation and North Raymond has been so well pleased with her services that she has been teaching in the same school since 1917.

Helen Cole after clerking in Cole Brothers' Store at East Raymond accepted



a position as teacher in Raymond, where she remained until her death on April 5th, 1918.

Harvey Berry, also one of '17's teacher members, first clerked at Cole Brothers' in East Raymond, then accepted a position teaching, which he now holds at Raymond Hill. At a recent interview with Harvey he stated that his chief occupations are teaching and driving a Ford.

Percie Snow has acquired through practice a thorough knowledge of the principles of domestic science and is still adding to this knowledge.

Alfred Dunn was for a time clerk for A. S. Hinds; then he accepted a position as bookkeeper for Parker Thomes Company, which he now holds. At the time of the call for volunteers, he enlisted in the Third Maine Regiment.

Thirza McConkey is teaching. She began her work in the fall of 1917 at Pottle Hill, Minot, where she taught two terms and then accepted the position at the Hersey Hill school, Minot, where she is still employed.

Virginia Morrill found her employment in the post office at Livermore Falls, Me. After nearly a year and a half she returned to her home in Gray, where she is now taking boarders.

Albert Rogers, following graduation, spent a delightful summer hoeing corn and beans with the Junior Volunteers at Fort Fairfield, Me. He entered Bowdoin College in the fall. You may well guess his life there was spent in just such concentrated study as the Class of '17 was accustomed to at P. I. In the fall he enlisted in the S. A. T. C., but when this was disbanded, he left college for the remainder of the year. He is now clerking in a South Paris store and hopes to return to Bowdoin in the fall.

Eliza Merrill took a post-graduate course at Pennell and in the spring of 1918 accepted a position in the office of Berry's garage. At the call for business girls she left for Washington, where, after completing a course in the Typists' School, she passed a civil service examination and held a position first in the Democratic national headquarters, now in the Munitions Building in Washington.

Josephine Davis has held a position in the school at West Gray until this spring, when she resigned. She is now working at the Colonial Inn.

Harold Quint's first work was at Berry's Garage, Gray. In the fall of 1918 he enlisted in the S. A. T. C. at University of Maine and remained there until the close of the war. He is now employed at a public garage on Forest Avenue, Portland.

Marion Fogg has taught at North Gray, West Falmouth, South Gray, and now holds a position in a Biddeford School.

Mary Sweetser entered Gorham Normal School and expects to complete her course in June, 1919.

9 '8

Everett Berry is working for W. E. and B. J. Harmon Company, Portland, Maine.

Gertrude Berry attended Mount Ida School, Newton, Mass., for a short time. This winter she went to Southern Pines, North Carolina, with her parents. She is now at her home in Gray.

Iva Chipman has been at her home since her graduation.

Elsie Duplisea is teaching school at North Lebanon, Maine.

Louise Libby is taking a course at Shaw's Business College, Portland. She is living at 389 Main Street, Westbrook, Maine.

Gladys Merrill is attending Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass. Her home is now in Portland, Maine.

Ruth Morrell is teaching at North Gray.

Eda Morrill is teaching school at Strickland, Maine.

Eva Morrill is teaching school at Livermore Falls, Maine.

Lysle A. Parker is a student at the University of Maine. His address is Lambda Chi Alpha House, Orono, Maine.

Amos Woodbury is working in Portland, Maine, at the same time taking a course in telegraphy.



## LOCALS

Our school has suffered two enforced vacations this year on account of influenza, losing in all six weeks. Yet we are more fortunate than many schools, for no case among our number resulted fatally. In our gratitude for our unbroken circle, we forget our disappointment at the omission of Senior exhibition and Junior drama, which are always pleasant events.

Our school has been doing its share in helping its country during the war. Three War Savings Stamp clubs were formed: one by the Freshmen with Kathryn Sweetser as president and Clarence Quint as secretary; one by the Sophomores with Paul Libby as president and Alice Sweetser as secretary; the third by the Junior and Senior classes combined with Mary McConkey as president and Margaret Thompson as secretary. The amount of stamps purchased by the Freshmen was \$150.75; by the Sophomores \$387; by the Juniors and Seniors, \$17.25, which makes a total of \$616 owned by the whole school.

The school owns bonds to the amount of \$1,084, while the Victory Girls and Boys gave \$93.50.

This was done in a true patriotic spirit; the students knew that they were doing only a bit, but they were doing it gladly.

March 20th the school received an invitation to attend a lecture on prohibition in the Congregational Church vestry. School was dismissed at a quarter past three, as the lecture began at half past. Mrs. Wing of Portland gave the lecture. She spoke of Neal Dow and his work for prohibition. Many students attended.

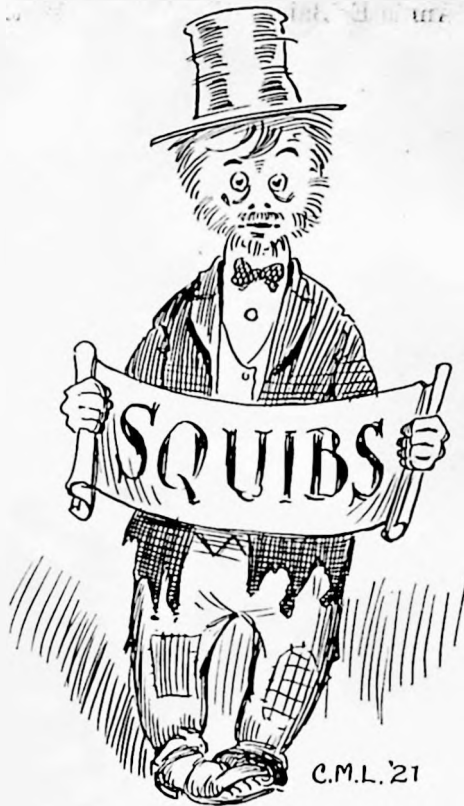
Pennell Institute has three Current Events Clubs formed by the Freshman Class, the Sophomore Class, and the united Junior and Senior classes. At the head of each club is a president. There is also a program committee of three, chosen monthly, and the Junior and Senior club has a critic, also chosen by the committee. The latter class meets with Mr. Smart, the

Sophomores with B. Farmer, the first assistant, and the Freshmen with Miss A. M. F. ley, the first assistant.

A series of entertainments has been given at Pennell Institute for the benefit of athletics and the school paper. The first was given January 31st. The program consisted of music, charades, and recitations. The second, consisting of folk dances, songs, and recitations, was given February 14th. A similar program was carried out February 28th. March 14th was a St. Patrick's Day event, with Irish songs, folk dancing, current events on Ireland, a debate on the question, Resolved: That Ireland should be given independence from England, and W. B. Yeats's play, "The Land of Heart's Desire." March 29th the Alumni gave a program. A minstrel show was given April 25th and repeated May 17th for the benefit of the "Pennell Whirlpool." Each entertainment was followed by a social. They have been a success financially and have promoted a spirit of loyalty to the school and its activities.

Mr. Andrew F. Johnson, until recently of New York City, has been elected as a new trustee of Pennell Institute, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. M. P. Frank. He is well qualified for this position, having worked among young people a number of years. He has had charge of all the departments of the Technical School for Carriage and Automobile Draftsmen and Mechanics in New York since 1892, and is now conducting a Correspondence Course at his home in Gray. He came to Gray when a young boy and remained here until he took up his work in New York City.

Harold E. Kent, '21, represented Pennell in the Interscholastic Speaking Contest at Colby. His oration was "France and America."



#### PROBLEMS FOR ARITHMETIC IV.

Why does Susie go to the post office three times a day?

Who hung Duke *the* Maybasket?

Why does Kenneth go up Mr. Smart's street every afternoon about four now?

For which one does Mabelle wear the service star?

Who got Duke the job of Saturday night chauffeur?

How does it happen that the Seniors are so much smarter than all the other classes?

1919

Mr. Smart: Where is the Baltic Sea?

Raymond: North of Europe.

Mr. Smart: You have a very definite idea, Raymond. You may sit down.

Miss Bailey: When did the Pilgrims land?

Peggy: Fourteen nine-two.

Miss Farmer: How about Walter Raleigh?

Roberts: Walter Raleigh was a man—

Miss Farmer: A remarkably detailed account, Mr. Roberts.

It has been called to our notice that the Seniors have been strangely neglectful, with two exceptions, of the Sophs, whom they ought to cherish and protect. But two noble girls, Peggy and Mabelle, have done their best to make up for their neglect by taking two of the kiddies under their protection. To arms, Seniors! Do your duty!

We should advise Carl in his nocturnal chauffeuring to look straight ahead, to keep in the middle of the road, and to forget that he has ears.

Mr. Smart: What is your answer?

Russell: Two-thirds of an hour or forty minutes.

Mr. Smart: The answer is given in miles.

We wonder if that was the day after Russell lost the Interurban?

#### METERS—NOT ARITHMETICAL

Monometer: Our Mert  
'S a flirt.

Dimeter: Grace Small is tall,  
But she's admired by all.

Trimeter: The next is our President Barker;  
We suspect he's a bit of a sparker.

Tetrameter: Marion Leach has been called a peach;  
But by whomever seen she's regarded as green.

Pentameter: Emily Field with her curls and her eyes of blue  
To her friends is always devoted and true.

Hexameter: Frances Cushing, so dainty, musical, graceful, charming,  
Always has a gentleman friend at her feet salaaming.

Heptameter: Laura Snow is not so cool as her name implies,  
But she's very dignified every time she tries.

'20.

Inez says the greteast weapon for the defense of castles in medieva

times was the bean  
on the battlements.

and that large quantities of beans were kept

One day in English II we were reading *Ivanhoe*. Marguerite was asked to read. She arose from her seat beside Melville and read about the Tootsie.

1922

Teacher: What was Columbus?

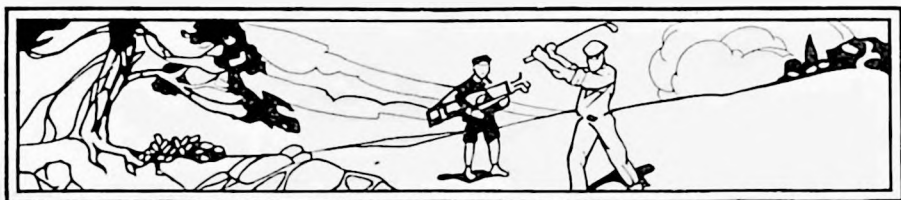
Pupil (suffering from a call-down): He was an alligator (navigator).

Miss B.: In what year did the events of this lay take place?

Guy: 382 B. C.

Miss B.: But this means 382 years after the founding of the city of Rome.

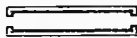
Guy: Oh, I thought it meant before Columbus.





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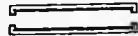
GRAY, MAINE



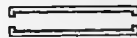
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---

Lillian (reciting in civics): John Quincy Adams was in Congress one morning. He got up to speak. Just as he did, he died." Audible smiles from the class. "Well, anyway, he tumbled over."

One bright student of 1922 informs us that Capys was a prophetiser.

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Miss Bailey: Edward, what is the past tense of fire?  
Edward (explosively): Shoot!

Frances (entering Hall's general store by mistake for Hall's drug store):  
Have you any Freezone?  
Proprietor: Won't Ryzon do?

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